# Happily in the Dark

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# Happily in the Dark

by Hannigrammatic

Summary

Mostly just cuddly and domestic good times, smut here and there. I've yet to hop on the "after the fall" dealio, and figured it's time I do!! I love post-WotL fics so so much ♥ These will read as one-shots for the most part, but will all be in the same 'verse and connected in some way!

Not beta read~

# A Doozy

Chapter Summary

> In which Will and Hannibal learn that domesticity has its charm, even if it's a *tiny* bit of a hassle now and then to deal with each other.

The power went out at half-past midnight. Will curses as his lighter clicks but fails to catch, the flame blinking into existence for a second before guttering out. For probably the hundredth time, he curses himself for not being better prepared despite having seen the fat black clouds in the sky. Finally, after more coaxing and expletives, he manages to light the candle, smiling gratefully at the flickering flame that jumped up the walls and lit up a small portion of the room. His victory is short-lived, however, as from another room something crashes loudly, followed by:

"*Fucking piece of shit!*"

Will's stares wide-eyed in the direction from which the angry voice sounded, mouth dropping open. There's complete silence for an entire minute, and then he begins to snicker. In seconds, he's guffawing, setting the candle down on the old dresser in front of him and pressing a hand to his stomach. From the other room there's a huff of breath and then uncertain footsteps that squeak across the floor towards the bedroom that Will is standing in, having come in here to close the creaky old window when the rainstorm had started and when the power had clicked off.

"Will?" the voice calls, and then a shadow comes to a stop in the doorway of the room.

"Hi," Will waves towards the darker spot that is his broad-shouldered housemate. "You uh- you having fun out there?"

He asks it with a giggle, barely managing to reach up and cover his mouth. After unsuccessfully covering up his amusement, he just gives up and starts to laugh again.

"May I inquire as to what you're so amused about?" the shadow asks, and Will can imagine the frown on the man's face.

"You swearing never fails to make me lose my shit, Hannibal," Will exclaims amidst his laughter. "Such elegance, so prim and proper, so 'fucking piece of shit!'"

"Honestly," Hannibal walks closer until the candlelight washes over his sharp features, just in time for Will to see the man roll his eyes. "This situation is not as amusing as you're currently making it out to be."

“Says you,” Will smirks and steps closer to Hannibal. “Hey, what did you knock over anyway?”

“It matters not,” the man stuck his nose into the air with a dismissive sniff. “I see you’ve managed to close the window.”

“What’s that mean? Of course I did!”

“Well I couldn’t help but overhear you complaining about how difficult it was to open, earlier this evening,” and now Hannibal tilts his head and offers Will his own smirk.

“Oh jeez. Wow, Hannibal,” Will snickers, laughter fading but good humor remaining.

The house they are in is small, a one-bedroom affair with a combination kitchen and livingroom. It’s old but it’s far removed enough to offer privacy and temporary cover. Hannibal had explained that it would do for a few days, before they moved on once more. Will supposes he can’t really complain, it’s not a bad place, other than the power having been knocked out. He looks out the window, unable to see much besides the continuous streams of water as raindrops hit the glass with quiet *plink-plonks*.

“I suppose we should just go to bed,” Will wonders aloud. “Unless you have other plans.”

“I considered making food, before the power went out,” Hannibal crosses his arms across his chest and peers around the room. “It will become chilly in here. I hope you do not expect me to take the couch this time.”

“Awh, are your feelings still hurt?” Will asks jokingly. “Kidding, kidding. That’s fine -you can be my very own personal blanket.”

Hannibal huffs out a breath again but doesn’t complain. If anything, his smirk grows. Will shakes his head and fits the king-sized mattress with the sheets and blankets they’d brought with them. The frame is metal and twisted into intricate designs, and when Will sits on the bed after making it, the thing *squeaks*. And it does so loudly.

“Good thing we have no neighbors,” Will remarks.

“Indeed.”

They’re both tucked under the blankets after stumbling around in the room and undressing. Will remains in his pants while Hannibal strips down to an undershirt and his briefs. He runs warmer than Will does, and honestly, the young man can’t complain, already beginning to feel chilled as the old house creaks under the force of the heavy winds buffeting it from outside. He burrows close and lays his head on Hannibal’s shoulder, smiling as the man adjusts his position to accommodate him comfortably.

“In this position you are more the blanket than I,” the older man remarks playfully.

“Yeah, well I guess you’re the pillow instead, then,” Will nuzzles into the crook of the man’s neck, and then proceeds to wrap himself around Hannibal, arm over his chest and legs over

the other's own. "And anyway, the only reason I didn't let you in the bed that one time is because you wouldn't stop grabbing my ass."

"I was under the impression that you liked me grabbing your 'ass'."

"I do, but not when we're both half-dead," Will starts giggling once more. "Not that I could feel much anyway. Fucking cold-ass ocean."

"The words that come out of your mouth sometimes make me wish I'd left you in the Atlantic," Hannibal says.

"That's rude," the younger man sits up looks towards the man's face in the dimly lit room. "Rude as *fuck*."

It's obvious that Hannibal rolls his eyes in response, but suddenly that is forgotten when the man rolls them around in a swift movement that has Will squeaking in shock. He finds himself looking up into a familiar face that grins down at him in victory.

"I believe that I am now the blanket, as was originally intended," Hannibal quips.

Will laughs and squirms under the other's considerable weight. He manages to free his arms from where they were trapped across his chest, and he wraps them around Hannibal's neck to steer his face closer. Their lips are barely an inch apart when Will bursts into laughter once more. He cannot for the life of him believe that this is *them* now; holed up in an old house in the woods, miles and miles away but still essentially under the FBI's nose, and cuddled up in a bed that squeaks in complaint at any movement. It feels impossible that they can behave so easily around each other after the incident with the Red Dragon.

They aren't completely healed even now, but had survived the worst of it, bearing new scars to map gently each night, held close and tight and safe. For each of them, their days are short, bodies growing stiff too easily, and life on the run having taken its toll on them. For a long time after waking, having realized they weren't indeed in hell and were actually still alive, Will had been angry. And as they managed to see to their wounds at the first hide-out, he grew nervous about remaining in America. Eventually as the days passed and they both grew stronger, Will began to loosen up and appreciate his freedom to its fullest, in case they were caught. His good humor now had less to do with that, however, than it did with the giddiness that came with growing closer to Hannibal.

Their mutual rebirth had resulted in a foreign but welcome easiness that had never existed between them.

"Will," Hannibal admonishes gently. "Are you quite finished?"

"Is that your polite way of telling me to shut the fuck up?" Will smiles brightly and presses his lips against Hannibal's own, sufficiently shutting them both up instead.

The kiss is languid and soft, and when Will pulls away he can feel his cheeks warm and tingling. He moves again until he can wrap his legs around Hannibal's waist, trapping them both together and clinging to the warmth that the bigger man offers.

“Incorrigible,” Hannibal says quietly as they breath each other’s air.

“Damn fucking straight,” Will agrees and chuckles once more.

Hannibal snorts inelegantly and then kisses him quiet. Outside, the storm rages on.

# Resurrection in the Flames

Chapter Summary

> Will and Hannibal enjoy a gentle, warm morning most certainly *not* featuring any cannibal pouts. At all.

Chapter Notes

> CUDDLES FOR DAYS, YO. ASDKGJHE I'm so full of fluff lately. It needs out. All mistakes are mine ♥

There's a draft somewhere in the house. Will hears the hissing wind as he lays in bed, arms thrown above his head, too content to lower them back to his sides after a delicious stretch. His toes are sticking out at the end of the blanket, and he wiggles them in mild complaint.

"The house is whistling," Will remarks sleepily.

The man next to him stirs but doesn't turn from where he is lying on his side and facing away, and Will listens to his bedmate breathing evenly. When it becomes obvious that the other isn't going to answer, he rolls over and drapes himself over as much of the man's body as he can -legs are entangled, arms enfolded around what he could reach, and he nuzzles into the back of a warm neck.

In the distance, the wind whistles once more through a crack somewhere in the old house's walls. A heartbeat passes.

"You're too warm," Hannibal complains with a shift, strong shoulders shrugging Will's grip off.

"Bullshit," Will chuckles softly and returns to clinging to the man.

They lapse into silence while Hannibal grumbles with a gruff still-tired voice, words fading into his mother tongue and then into nothingness as he lets out a long suffering sigh. Taking his inaction as permission, Will smiles into the soft hairs at Hannibal's nape before beginning to trail featherlight kisses down the column of his neck. He makes it to the man's shoulder and nibbles at the sleep-warm skin there with a happy sigh.

"Will," Hannibal lets out his own sigh, this one no longer filled with mild annoyance.

“Hannibal,” the younger man presses the top row of his teeth down harder, just a bit.

The indents left there are small yet visible from this close. Will drags the flat of his tongue along them, eyes shut and nostrils flaring at the scent of Hannibal’s skin. He has perhaps half a second to revel in the peace surrounding them, and then the other man is lunging at him, rolling him bodily onto his stomach and settling over top of him, his considerable weight causing Will to sink into the bedding with a quiet grunt.

“What the fuck,” Will murmurs half into the pillow.

“Language,” Hannibal chides, but it’s half-hearted.

He nuzzles into Will’s neck now, inhaling deeply and gusting out his breath in a warm puff. His furred chest tickles against Will’s back, and his lower body settles comfortably along his naked backside. Any other time, the position would have them both excited, but today they merely drift in and out sleepily, and Will forgets the draft for a little while.

“You’re too heavy,” Will complains.

“Am I?”

Hannibal settles even more, and the man beneath him snorts out a laugh and then begins to squirm. He’s like a little fish, soft and warm instead of scaly and cool, struggling underneath the bear of a man briefly, and Hannibal finally rolls over and off of him to lay on his back with a yawn and a reaching stretch.

“I thought you were pouting again,” Will bares his teeth in a smile and crawls half onto the man, settling with his face buried in the dense, silvering chest hair and considering trailing his tongue along a nearby nipple.

“I do not pout.”

Will snorts before he can help himself. It’s a blatant lie, of course; he remembers just last night when Hannibal remained in the kitchen late into the night, sniffing every now and then. He can’t remember why anymore, but he distinctly recalls the little frown on Hannibal’s lips and the dark glance cast his way more than once. Probably because of the draft. That sounded about right. But he's so comfortable right now -a few more minutes won't hurt.

“Okay, and I don’t ever fucking swear.”

The older man tangles his fingers into Will’s curly hair to grip the soft strands just enough to pull rather than hurt. He guides Will’s face upwards until glittering blue eyes blink at him innocently. He’s not surprised when the man shakes his hand out of his hair like a dog, nor is he when Will climbs astride him and straddles his hips, stretching his arms into the air and wiggling his fingers at the end.

“I think I’ll make breakfast now,” he says around a yawn. “Eggs and toast. Want some coffee?”

“I will pass. Perhaps you might be convinced to serve me while I remain here,” Hannibal crosses hands behind his head and rests there, and Will finds himself overcome with the irrational urge to tickle under his arms, where tufts of hair are visible -he wonders if Hannibal is even ticklish to begin with.

“Wow, so that’s how it is, huh?” Will shakes his head with a tut. “I don’t know, man. I’m not sure you can convince me.”

“I believe a well-placed kiss could convince you to do much,” the older man’s eyes are glittering now, full of mirth and intent.

“I’m intrigued. Go on.”

The younger man manages to open his mouth to say something more, however he finds himself quite suddenly nearly swallowing Hannibal’s tongue instead, the man having moved so fast Will hadn’t seen it coming until he’s drawn close into a wet, languid kiss. He moans and strokes his own tongue along the one questing in his mouth, and wraps one arm around Hannibal’s neck to cling to him once more. When they pull away, Will is panting very slightly.

“Fine, fine,” he says breathily. “But after we eat we’re staying in this damn bed.”

“Very well.”

Hannibal’s sharp teeth gleam as he grins. Will seeks out one more kiss and then reluctantly climbs off of his human-mattress, hissing at the cold hardwood floor. He casts a wink in the other’s direction before disappearing into the house, another whistle of wind sneaking in, closer now. Will decides he’ll find it later, after breakfast and a long session of nothing quite so innocent as morning cuddles.

Pouts or no pouts.

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